

HAPPINESS WITHIN.

Happiness is largely from within. It's a good bit in how we feel about things. We all live in the same world. It's the same sun, the same atmosphere, the same soil, and about the same surroundings for all of us. Yet there are all manner of differing degrees of happiness. You've seen one member of a family so cheery and happy and inspiring that his very presence seemed to carry good luck and always made you feel better. And another member of the same household is so grumpy and selfish and cold-hearted that he lowers the temperature of the neighborhood and unconsciously suggests the black man. Why the difference? It can't reasonably be in the food, the air, or the surroundings. No; it's in the man himself. One views the world with an open eye of goodwill; another peers out with a half-shut eye of suspicion. "Out of the abundance of the heart the mouth speaketh;" and out of the abundance of the heart the eye beams love or hatred and the face shows smiles or frowns.

Oh, what differences there are in the hearts of men! Some hearts are rich and deep and mellow like fertile earth. Drop into such hearts seeds of truth or justice, and these seeds spring into form as blossoms and fruits of good character. Other hearts are feeble and shallow and deadening. Drop into them the same good seeds and these seeds shrivel in the fierce heat of cruelty or freeze in the chill of selfishness, or rot in the damp, oozy soil of stagnating indifference. The selfish heart eats and drinks, and blesses no one; the reverent soul finds the love of God in ten thousand experiences, and itself grows loving and cheery on the way.—Ex.

KEPT HOUR BY HOUR.

He was a tall, powerful Scotchman and had held the position of "boss striker" at the steel works for years. Nearly all the men in his department were hard drinkers and he was no exception to the rule.

But one day it was announced among the workmen that he had become religious; and, sure enough, when pressed to take a drink, he said: "I shall never take a drink mair, lads. Na drunkard can inhabit the kingdom of God."

A knowing one smiled, and said: "Wait a bit; wait a bit. Wait until the hot weather—until July. When he gets as dry as a gravel pit, then he will give in. He can't help it."

But right through the hottest months he never seemed to be tempted to drink.

Finally, as I was taking the men's time one evening, I stopped and spoke to him.

"Stowe," said I, "you used to take considerable liquor. Don't you miss it?"

"Yes," said he, emphatically.

"How do you manage to keep away from it?"

"Well, just this way: It is now 10 o'clock, isn't it?"

"Well, today is the 20th of the month. From 7 till 8 I asked that the Lord would help me. He did so, an' I put down a dot on the calendar right near the twenty. From 8 till 9 he kept me, an' I put down another dot. From 9 to 10 he's kep' me, and noo I gie him the glory as I put down the third dot. Just as

I mark these I pray: 'O Lord, help me; help me to fight it off for another hour!'"—United Presbyterian.

THE MAN.

As the speaker delivered to us a polished and forceful address, he quoted Carlyle's words: "Get the man, and all is got."

Every man with eyes has seen proofs of the truthfulness of this. One will say, "The Methodists or Baptists can build up here, but Prebyterianism will not take."

Long ago I decided that it was not a matter of denominational doctrine or government. It is the man; the personal tact, force, energy, winsomeness of the leader.

Another will say, "We have not grown any for ten years. We just about hold our own. We can't build up in this field."

If there is material to work on, "the man" will get it. "The man" will succeed anywhere; the fellow will fail anywhere.

We have many grand laymen. Educated, hustling, of fine organizing and executive ability, consecrated and winsome, chockfull of common sense, pronounced successes in the business world.

"But we can't get them in our church work. They can't afford to go into it." That depends. That kind of man is worth all he costs. He'd be far cheaper at \$5,000 than many we are getting for \$500. The latter are often too expensive for profitable use. "The man," not his cost, should concern us.

In the audience where I heard Carlyle quoted was "the man," who had organized a certain synod like a great business enterprise. And the results are extraordinary.

I do not know his cost. And no synod need stop to ask that. But take him, if he can be had, and pay him his price.

What wonderful possibilities lie undeveloped in many of our synods and presbyteries and congregations. All for the lack of "the man."

"The man" exists. He can be had. The great Presbyterian Church ought to go after him. This man of God, this man who can make good, is the need of the times.—The Cumberland Presbyterian.

There is just one way of curing the habit of church kicking, and that is by church helping. If things do not go to suit you, turn in and do something worth while. It is a great deal more to the purpose to attend the church prayer meeting and take part in its conduct than to stay away and sneer at it. Nobody did less to "put down rebellion" than the fellows who wrote every day scathing accounts of the "mistakes in the field." The horse that is unreasonably free with his heels can always be cured of that habit by hitching him long enough to the plow. Nothing will do his temper so much good as a long day's work. The world needs more lifting and less jawing: more cash and less ruction. Censoriousness is usually coupled with vanity and selfishness, while charity has for her companion graces the virtues that minister to the needs of mankind.—Interior.